



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

the lake, which those mighty, but erring spirits, Voltaire, Gibbon, Rousseau, and Byron, have made illustrious by their presence and their pens. It is a singular fact that while Geneva has defrayed the expense of a bronze statue of Rousseau, she has yet done nothing of the kind for Calvin, who with some errors has done as much as any other man for the political and religious liberty of modern Europe.

The Count de Sellon proposed during the late anniversary of the Reformation, celebrated here with great pomp and circumstance of parade, to erect a monument to his memory—but as it did not meet with the approval of the Supreme Council of Geneva, he intends to erect one on his grounds in the city, and at his own expense.

The Count also presented me with a copy of his portrait, which his friends prevailed upon him to have lithographed—and put into my hands several copies to be presented to gentlemen whose names had been familiar to him, as advocates of the cause of Peace in the United States.

I took my leave of him and his kind family with much regret—and shall ever bear in my heart a grateful recollection of their elegant and touching hospitality; I trust he may long be spared, a distinguished champion of the great cause of Peace and Humanity.

ARTICLE V.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

BY THE EDITOR.

1. *Olive Buds*—By Mrs. L. H. Sigourney. Hartford: Published by William Watson. 1836.

THIS work, comprising one hundred and thirty-six 16mo. pages,—is designed particularly for juvenile readers. Such, however, are the subjects of which it treats, and such the style and manner,

that persons of maturer years may derive both instruction and pleasure from its perusal.

The excellent author in explaining the significance of the title, observes: —

“A leaf of Olive was the first gift of the earth after the flood, to the righteous family who were saved in the ark. It was borne by the Dove, as she spread her timid wings over the wide waters, that drowned a sinful world. What rejoicing was there in that lonely ark, when this token came that God was about to permit those weary voyagers to come forth, and dwell once more on the green and beautiful earth. “For then Noah knew, that the waters had abated.”

The Olive has also been considered an emblem of peace. To send the olive branch denotes peace, or that the anger of war is over. Then good men rejoice, because the waters of strife are abated. I think you will now readily understand, dear children, the title I have chosen. Perhaps you thought ‘Olive Buds’ could have little or no meaning. But the meaning is, that this little book contains things on the subject of Peace. They are short and so I have compared them to buds, which are small in comparison with the flowers that spring from them. Fragrant flowers, and rich fruit, sometimes proceed from the humblest buds; so may you gather instruction and goodness from this little book.”

The contents are Frank Ludlow, Victory, The Farmer and Soldier, France in Old Times, War, Walks in Childhood, Christmas Hymn, A Short Sermon, Agriculture, Peace. The general design of the work is by relating in an interesting and touching manner, incidents, such as may be presumed to occur in actual life, to impress the minds of the young with just ideas of the miserable consequences of war, and, to prevent them from imbibing false notions of military glory.

We give the following specimen of the style and manner:—

“From whence come wars and fightings?”—JAMES iv. I.

“You will perhaps say, they have been from the beginning. The history of every nation, tells of the shedding of blood. In the bible and other ancient records of man, we read of “wars and fightings,” ever since he was placed upon the earth.

Yet there have been always some to lament that the creatures whom God has made, should thus destroy each other. They have felt that human life was short enough, without its being made still shorter by violence. Among the most warlike nations, there have been wise and reflecting minds, who felt that war was an evil, and deplored it as a judgment.

Rome was one of the most warlike nations of the ancient world. Yet three of her best Emperors gave their testimony against war,—and were most reluctant to engage in it. Adrian truly loved peace, and endeavoured to promote it. He saw that war was a foe to those arts and sciences, which cause nations to prosper. Titus Antoninus Pius, tried to live in peace with every one. He did all in his power to prevent war, and said he “would rather save the life of one citizen, than destroy a thousand enemies.” Marcus Aurelius considered war both as a disgrace and a calamity. When he was forced into it, his heart revolted.

Yet these were heathen emperors. They had never received the gospel, which breathes “peace and good will to man.” The law of Moses did not forbid war. “An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth,” was the maxim of the Jewish people. But the law of Jesus Christ is a law of peace. “I say unto you, that ye resist not evil,” were the words not only of his lips, but of his example. His command to his disciples was, “see that ye love one another.”

The spirit of war, therefore, was not condemned by the Jewish law, or by the creeds of the heathen. But it is contrary to the spirit of the gospel

Have you ever thought much, dear children, about the evil of war? how it destroys the lives of multitudes, and makes bitter mourning in families and nations? You are sorry when you see a friend suffering pain, or a lame man with a broken bone, or even a cut finger. But after a battle, what gashes, and gaping wounds are seen, while the ground is red with the flowing blood and the dying in their agony are trampled under the feet of horses, or covered with heaps of dead bodies.

Think too of the poverty and distress that come upon many families, who have lost the friend whose labour provided them with bread, upon the mourning of grey-headed parents from whose feeble limbs the prop is taken away; upon the sorrow of wives for their slaughtered husbands, and the weeping of children, because their dear fathers must return to them no more.

All these evils, and many which there is not room to mention, come from a single combat. But in one war there are often many battles. Towns are sometimes burned, and the aged and helpless destroyed. The mother and her innocent babes perish in the flames of their own beloved homes.

It is very sad to think of the cruelty and bad passions, which war produces. Men who have no cause to dislike each other, meet as deadly foes. They raise weapons of destruction, and exult to hear the groans of death. Rulers who make war, should remember the suffering and sin which it occasions, and how much more noble it is to save life than to destroy it.

Howard visited the prisons of Europe, and relieved the miseries of those who had no helper, and died with their blessings on his head. Buonaparte caused multitudes to be slain, and multitudes to mourn,

and died like a chained lion upon a desolate island. Is not the fame of Howard better than that of Buonaparte?

The Friends or Quakers, as they are sometimes called, never go to war. The State of Pennsylvania was settled by them. William Penn, its founder, purchased it of the natives, and lived peaceably with them. In other colonies there were wars with the Indians. But those men of peace treated the sons of the forest like brethren. They gathered around William Penn, and looking gratefully in his face, said "you are our father, and we love you." Was not this more pleasing in the sight of heaven than the strife of the warrior?

If true glory belongs to those who do great good to mankind, then the glory of the warrior is a false glory. We should be careful how we admire it. I trust that none of you, my dear children, would willingly do harm to your fellow creatures.

Perhaps you will say that all wars have not been sinful. All have not been equally so. But we will not employ our time in condemning those who have engaged in war. Our present inquiry is, how it may be prevented in future. Might not nations settle their differences without an appeal to arms? Might not their variances be healed, by the mediation of another nation, as a good man makes peace among his neighbours? Might not one Christian ruler address those who were ready to contend, as the patriarch Abraham did his angry kinsmen, "Let there be no strife, I pray thee, for ye are brethren."

If there have been always wars from the beginning, there is no proof that there need be unto the end. The Bible tells us of a happy period when there shall be war no more.

"From whence come wars and fightings among you?" The same inspired apostle suggests a reply. "Come they not hence, even from your lusts, that war in your members?"

Unkind and quarrelsome dispositions seem to be the seeds of war. Beware then of contention among your companions, and of cruelty to animals. Use no offensive words, and when others disagree, strive to reconcile them. Repress in your hearts, every revengeful feeling. If any one has injured you, do not return the injury. For if war proceeds from unbridled passions, and restless ambition, the remedy should be applied to the heart, where these evils have their birth.

Let the love of peace be planted and cherished in the heart of every little child. Then, will there not grow up a generation, to discourage war, and help to banish it from the earth?

We read of a country where there is no war. Peace and love are in the bosoms of all its inhabitants. That country is heaven, and we hope to dwell there. Let us cultivate its spirit while on earth, or we shall not be fitted to go there when we die. The scorpion cannot abide in the nest of the turtle dove. Neither can the haters of peace find a home in that blissful region.

And now, my dear children, take pains to preserve good and gentle dispositions. Heal, as far as you can, every source of dis-

cord among your companions. To live peaceably with all, and persuade those who are unfriendly to be at peace, will make you serene and happy. You will be better prepared for the society of angels. You will have pursued an education for the kingdom of heaven.

No reward is promised in the Bible for those who have delighted in war ; but our Saviour when on earth, said "Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God."

The pieces entitled "Victory, War, Agriculture, and Peace," are in poetry. We are much gratified to behold, Mrs. Sigourney exerting a talent, so often employed to arouse the fierce passions, in a manner more in accordance with the object for which harmony and melody seemed to have been designed. We wish that she, or some other one, gifted with the requisite power, would compose a series of melodies and popular songs, which might be set to music, whose influence should be to soothe the harsh and vindictive sentiments, and to infuse into the heart the love of harmony and peace. The muse has done much for war ; let her favours now be invoked in behalf of a different cause, and the result cannot be other than highly propitious to the best hopes of the human race.

We present our readers with two of the pieces in poetry, with the hope of inducing them to take an interest in procuring the work to be circulated among children in families, in Sunday Schools—and wherever it would be likely to have a beneficial influence.

VICTORY.

W^AFT not to me the blast of fame,
That swells the trump of victory ;
For to my ear it gives the name
Of slaughter, and of misery.

Boast not so much of honour's sword,
Wave not so high the victor's plume ;
They point me to the bosom gor'd,
They point me to the blood-stained tomb.

The boastful shout, the revel loud,
That strive to drown the voice of pain,
What are they but the fickle crowd
Rejoicing o'er their brethren slain ?

And ah, through glory's fading blaze,
I see the cottage taper, pale,
Which sheds its faint and feeble rays,
Where unprotected orphans wail :

Where the sad widow weeping stands,
 As if her day of hope was done ;
 Where the wild mother clasps her hands
 And asks the victor for her son :

Where the lone maid in secret sighs
 O'er the lost solace of her heart,
 As prostrate in despair she lies,
 And feels her tortured life depart ;

Where midst that desolated land,
 The sire lamenting o'er his son,
 Extends his pale and powerless hand,
 And finds its only prop is gone.

See, how the bands of war and woe
 Have rifled sweet domestic bliss ;
 And tell me if your laurels grow,
 And flourish in a soil like this ?

AGRICULTURE.

The hero hath his fame,
 'Tis blazoned on his tomb,
 But earth withholds her glad acclaim,
 And frowns in silent gloom :—
 His footsteps o'er her breast,
 Were like the Simoom's blast,
 And death's wild ravages attest
 Where'er his chariot past.

* * * *

Behold yon peaceful bands,
 Who guide the glittering share,
 The quiet labour of whose hands
 Doth make earth's bosom fair ;
 For them the rich perfume
 From ripen'd fields doth flow,
 They bid the desert-rose to bloom,
 The waste with plenty glow.

Ah, happier thus to prize
 The humble rural shade,
 And like our Father in the skies,
 Blest nature's work to aid,
 Than famine and despair
 Among mankind to spread,
 And earth, our mother's curse to bear,
 Down to the silent dead.

The saying, "I care not who makes the laws of a nation, if I may have the making of its poetry," has been often repeated. Let those who love to promote peace, avail themselves, to the full extent of the truth which it expresses—and soon the bloody laws of honour and of war, will yield to the influence of grateful, soothing, and harmonizing song.